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VS
PREDATOR
VS
THE
TERMINATOR

3 OF 4

\$2.95 US
\$4.50 CAN

ALIENS™

V E R S U S

PREDATOR™

V E R S U S

THE TERMINATOR™

01
02
03
04

SCHULTZ
RUBI
IVY

**RIPLEY...
AND COMPANY?!**



APPROVED
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

12
0 74470 32536 9

ALIENS VS. PREDATOR

ALIENS
VERSUS
PREDATOR
VERSUS
THE
TERMINATOR

[illegible]

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THE SPACE
FREIGHTER
CARTHAGE.



SHE'S
GONE...

...RIPLEY'S
GONE...



DAMN CRAB
MONSTROSITIES
JUST UP AND
KIDNAPPED HER
RIGHT OFF OUR
OWN DECK...

THEY KNEW
SHE WAS PART
LINGUAFOEDA.
THEY WANTED
HER BECAUSE
OF THAT.



COULDN'T
DO A DAMN
THING TO STOP
THEM...

THEY WANTED
HER FOR THE SAME
REASON WE
WANTED HER--SHE
KNOWS ALIENS...

...AND
WHAT A
MILITARY
DOES WITH
ALIENS...



WHATEVER THEY
ARE, THEY WANT
TO SEE THIS HYBRID
TERMINATOR THREAT
ENDED AS MUCH
AS WE DO.

WE'RE
WORKING
TO THE
SAME
END.

MAYBE
SOMEHOW
THEY TAPPED
INTO JOHN
CONNOR'S SLEEP
VIRUS, TOO.



BUT
RIPLEY...

**SHUT
UP!**

WE'LL
FIGURE THIS
OUT!

WE'LL FIND
A WAY TO TURN
ALL THIS TO OUR
ADVANTAGE...

"WE'VE GOT TO!"

JUST WHEN I THINK
MY LIFE CAN'T GET
ANY STRANGER...

...JUST WHEN I THINK
I'VE FALLEN AS FAR
AS I CAN FALL...

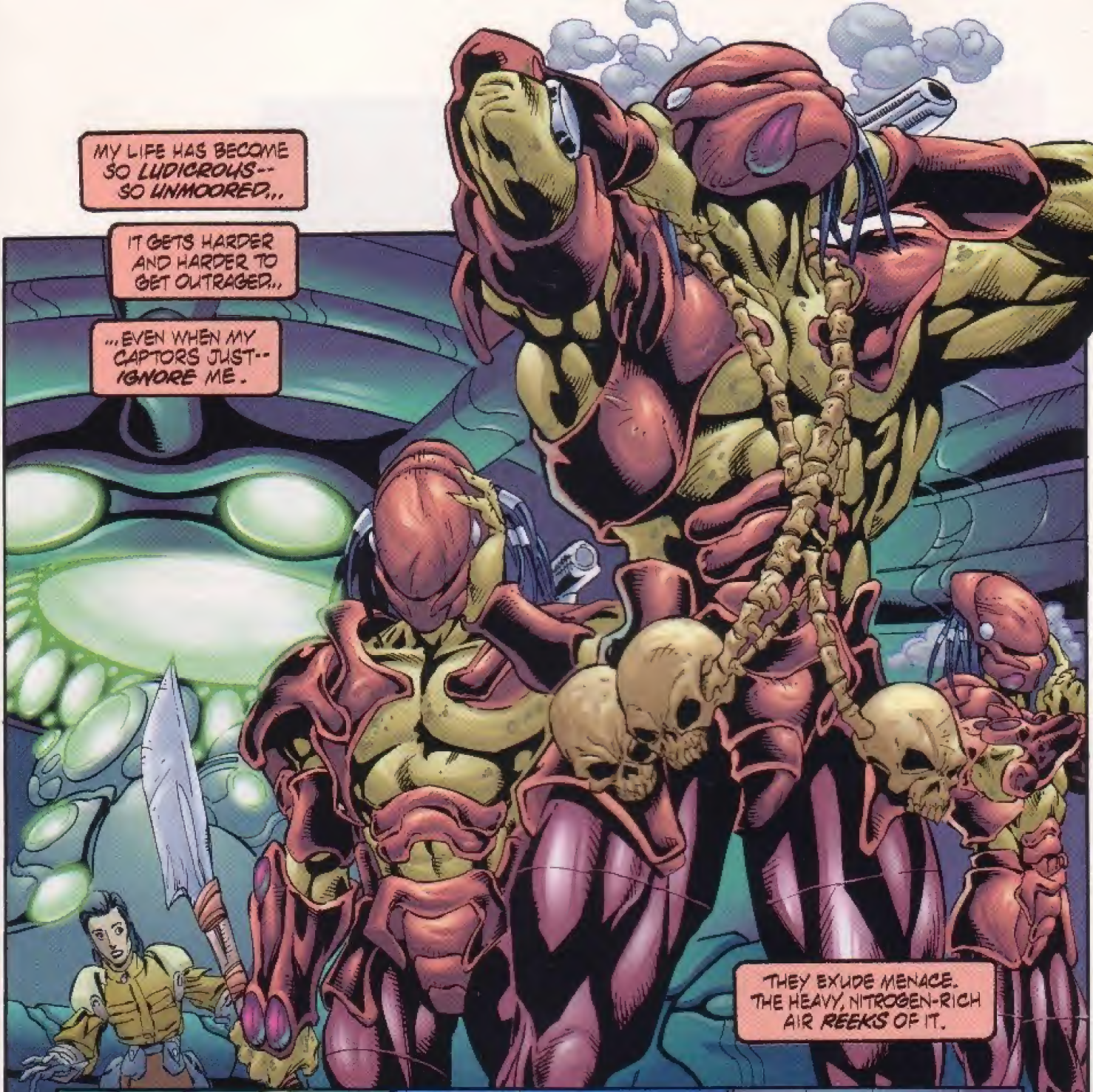
...THE BOTTOM DROPS
OUT AND I WIND UP
AMAZED AND HORRIFIED
ALL OVER AGAIN.

BUT, INTERESTINGLY ENOUGH,
NOT **TERRIFIED**, I SEEM TO
HAVE FALLEN PAST TERROR.

AND WITH SURPRISINGLY
LITTLE **OUTRAGE**.

YOU'D THINK I'D FEEL
MORE **OUTRAGE**, HAVING
BEEN SHANGHAIED AND ALL.






MY LIFE HAS BECOME
SO LUDICROUS--
SO UNMOORED...

IT GETS HARDER
AND HARDER TO
GET OUTRAGED...

...EVEN WHEN MY
CAPTORS JUST--
IGNORE ME.

THEY EXUDE MENACE.
THE HEAVY, NITROGEN-RICH
AIR REEKS OF IT.




BUT IT ISN'T DIRECTED AT ME.
THEY CONSIDER ME TO BE
ABSOLUTELY NO THREAT.

SO WHY DID THEY GO
THROUGH THE TROUBLE
OF CAPTURING SOMETHING
SO WORTHLESS?

THINK, RIPLEY--THEY CUT YOU.
THEY WANTED TO SEE YOU BLEED.
THEY SENSED SOMETHING THEY SAW
CONFIRMED IN YOUR ACIDIC BLOOD.

THEY KNOW
WHAT I AM.



THE CRAB-FACE ON THE
TYPHOON--HE SAW--HE
KNEW THE TERMINATOR
ANDROID HE WAS FIGHTING
WAS PART ALIEN.

IT ALL SEEMS TO
REVOLVE AROUND
THE ALIENS.

THESE THINGS HAVE
A--RELATIONSHIP
WITH THE ALIENS.

MAYBE THEY WANT
ME FOR THEIR
COLLECTION.

OR MAYBE THEY
THINK THEY CAN
LEARN SOMETHING
FROM ME?





Goo/ka
29x94!

NO--THIS CAN'T BE.
THIS CAN'T BE REALLY
HAPPENING.

IT'S--IT'S TOO
ABSURD...



NO!
Noo!
YOU'RE
NOT GOING
TO CUT
ME!

HOW COULD I
BE SO NAIVE?

WHUF?

YOU
BASTARDS!

Sob?

THEY'RE NO DIFFERENT--
THIS PLACE IS NO
DIFFERENT. THE DETAILS
CHANGE BUT I CAN
SEE THE INTENT.



YOU...
...YOU...
CHOKO?

IT'S THE MILITARY
LABORATORIES ALL
OVER AGAIN.

I GUESS I HAVEN'T
FALLEN PAST TERROR
AFTER ALL...



NOTHING FROM THE HIGH BRASS YET?

NOT A WORD.

THE WHOLE THING STINKS.

NAVY HEAVY CRUISER EUPHRATES.



IT'S ALL ROTTEN.

DAMN ANDROIDS APPEAR OUT OF NOWHERE-- CLAIM THEY SURVIVED THE TYPHOON--ASK TO BE TRANSPORTED TO A SECURITY LEVEL 4 ASTEROID...



...AND GET THEIR REQUEST **CONFIRMED** BY THE BRAINS IN SECTION 13!

GOD, I HATE THOSE TWISTED SPOOKS IN 13! AT A LEVEL 4 BASE, FOR PITY'S SAKE!

IF I THOUGHT I COULD GET AWAY WITH IT, I'D FLUSH OUR CASTAWAYS BACK INTO THE BLACK, AND BLOW 'EM TO BETELGEUSE.



WELL, I'M JUST AS HAPPY YOU'VE KEPT THEM RESTRICTED TO THEIR POD.

NO WAY AM I TAKING ANY MORE CHANCES THAN ARE ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY.



YOU HAVE THE CONFIRMATION?

YES YOU'VE GOT THE GO-AHEAD FROM SECTION 13.



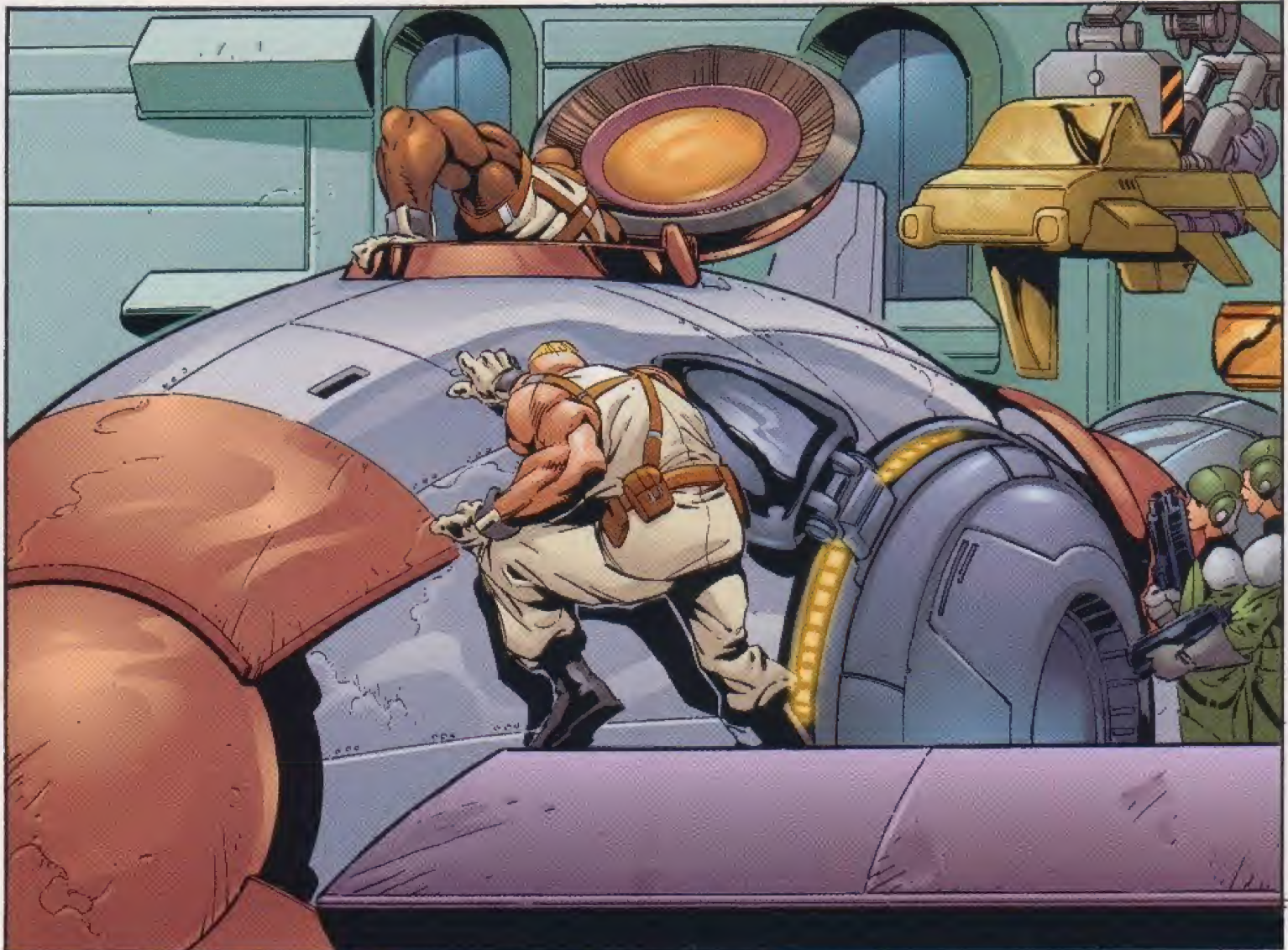
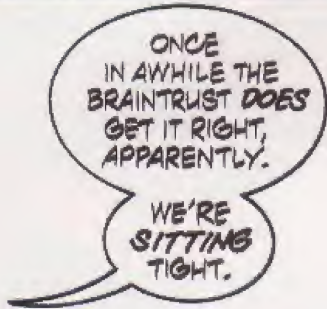
GOOD. WHAT IS OUR ESTIMATED TIME OF ARRIVAL?

AS YET TO BE DETERMINED, TINHEAD.



WE AGAIN REQUEST ACCESS TO YOUR BRIDGE AND--

REQUEST DENIED.





HEY!

THEY
CAN'T
CAST
OFF!

THEY
DON'T HAVE
CLEARANCE!

WHAT
THE HELL DO
THEY THINK
THEY'RE...

AH!

AHH!

UH!

KABOOH!

VREEP VREEP

VREEP

EMERGENCY!
EMERGENCY!

INTERNAL
DEFENSES
BREACHED!

SHIP'S
INTEGRITY
COMPROMISED!



INTERNAL
DEFENSES
BREACHED!

LIFE-
SUPPORT
SHIELDING
FAILING!

RENK

RENK

CONTROL
AND NAVIGATION
OFF LINE! ALL SHIP'S
SYSTEMS IN
IMMEDIATE
DANGER OF
FAILURE...

poom

poompoompoom



THEY
TOOK HER
BECAUSE SOMEWHERE
DEEP DOWN IN HER
ALIEN DNA IS A
GENETIC MEMORY
POOL...

...A TIMELESS,
SPACELESS
CONNECTION THAT
EXISTS BETWEEN
ALL ALIEN
STOCK.



THEY'RE
GOING TO USE
HER TO LEAD THEM
TO MORE
ALIENS...

...BECAUSE
MY GUESS IS THAT
THEY KNOW THE
TERMINATOR'S PLAN
WILL BE TO FIND AN
ALIEN CACHE WITH
THE RAW MATERIALS
FOR BUILDING SKY-
NET'S HYBRID
ARMY.



AND THEY OBVIOUSLY
KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT
LINGUAFOEDA PHYSIOLOGY
TO REALIZE THAT
RIPLEY IS ONE
OF THEM.

SHE'S
THEIR LINK.

BUT
NOW WE
HAVE NO
LINK!

IF WE'RE
GOING TO STAY
IN THE GAME--
WHERE--
HOW?



BEFORE
THE RECALL OF
THE SECOND
GENERATION
SYNTHETICS--
BEFORE I WENT
UNDER-
GROUND...

...REMEMBER--
I WAS ABLE TO
ACCESS THE
MILITARY
MAINFRAME...



I WAS ABLE
TO LEARN LOTS
OF NASTY LITTLE
THINGS.

INCLUDING
SOME BUSINESS
ABOUT A SECURITY
LEVEL 4 BASE--
THE BLACK
ASTEROID...

...LOS
ALAMOS
235...







OH!

DREAMING...

...I WAS...
DREAMING...

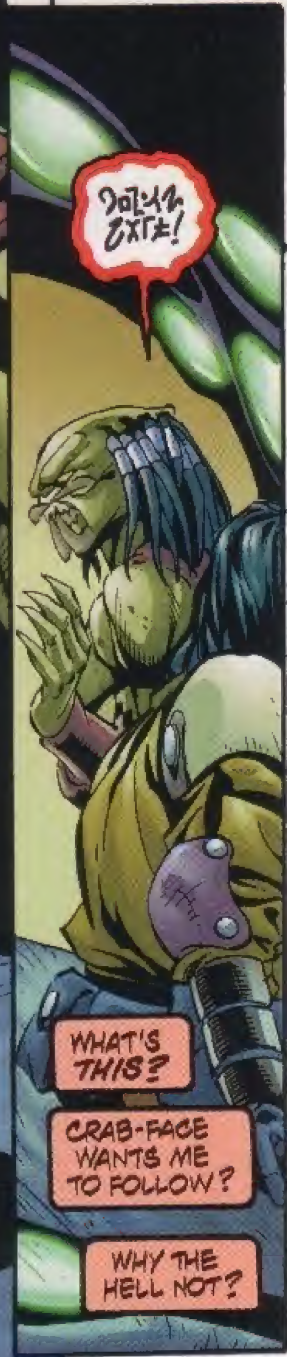
...OR WAS I?

GETTING HARDER AND
HARDER TO KNOW WHAT'S
FACT AND WHAT'S
FANTASY.

I FEEL
LIKE
CRAP.



A SURGICAL SCAR. CRAB FACES
TOOK **SOMETHING** OUT OF ME.
BUT IF IT WAS A TISSUE OF
MEMORY I DON'T KNOW...



WOLAH
BXTX!

WHAT'S
THIS?

CRAB-FACE
WANTS ME
TO FOLLOW?

WHY THE
HELL NOT?



I DON'T HAVE
ANYWHERE ELSE
TO GO.

GOD! LOOK AT THE
CREEPS--**STARING** AT
ME! THAT'S A TURN-
AROUND. SUDDENLY
I'M WORTH PAYING
ATTENTION TO.



WHAT GOES
ON HERE?

LOOKS LIKE A
COUNCIL OF
WAR--AND...

...AND--THAT
PLANET--ON
THE MONITOR...



...NO--**NOT**
A PLANET...

...AN **ASTEROID!**
I--I CAN--
REMEMBER?

BUT--I'VE
NEVER...

...HOW COULD
I REMEMBER?
HOW...



OH, GOD! I--I
DON'T WANT
TO REMEMBER!

I--WE--I'VE
BEEN THERE...

...**SOME PART**
OF ME HAS
BEEN THERE!



SOMEHOW--THEY TOOK
THAT ASTEROID FROM
MY MEMORY--A GENETIC
ALIEN MEMORY.

I KNOW--IT'S SOME SORT
OF MILITARY LABORATORY
FACILITY--I KNOW BECAUSE
SOME PART OF ME WAS IN
THAT CHAMBER OF HORRORS!

THE SAME PART OF ME
THAT KNOWS THAT IT'S
LOUSY WITH ALIEN LIFE!



SHAKA ZULU
O-2396001,
HELLBENDER.

TIGER MOTH
B47-9994-P,
GOLGOTHA.

CALL
AND RESPONSE
SEQUENCE
SUCCESSFULLY
NEGOTIATED.

SENSOR
SCANS COMPLETE
AND I.D.
CONFIRMED,
EUPHRATES.

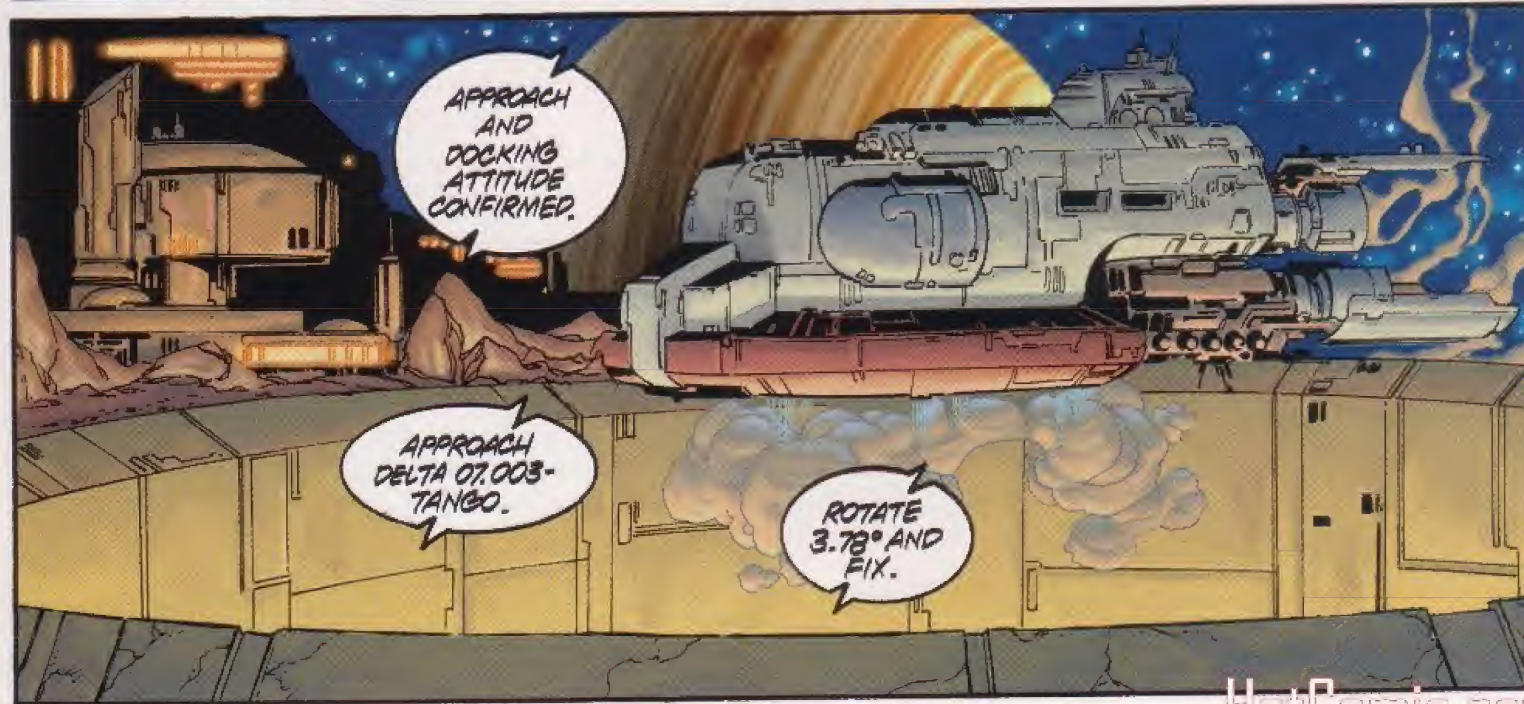
YOU ARE
CLEARED TO
ENTER AND
DOCK, CAPTAIN
USHER...



WELCOME
TO LOS ALAMOS
235.

THANK
YOU, 235
CONTROL.

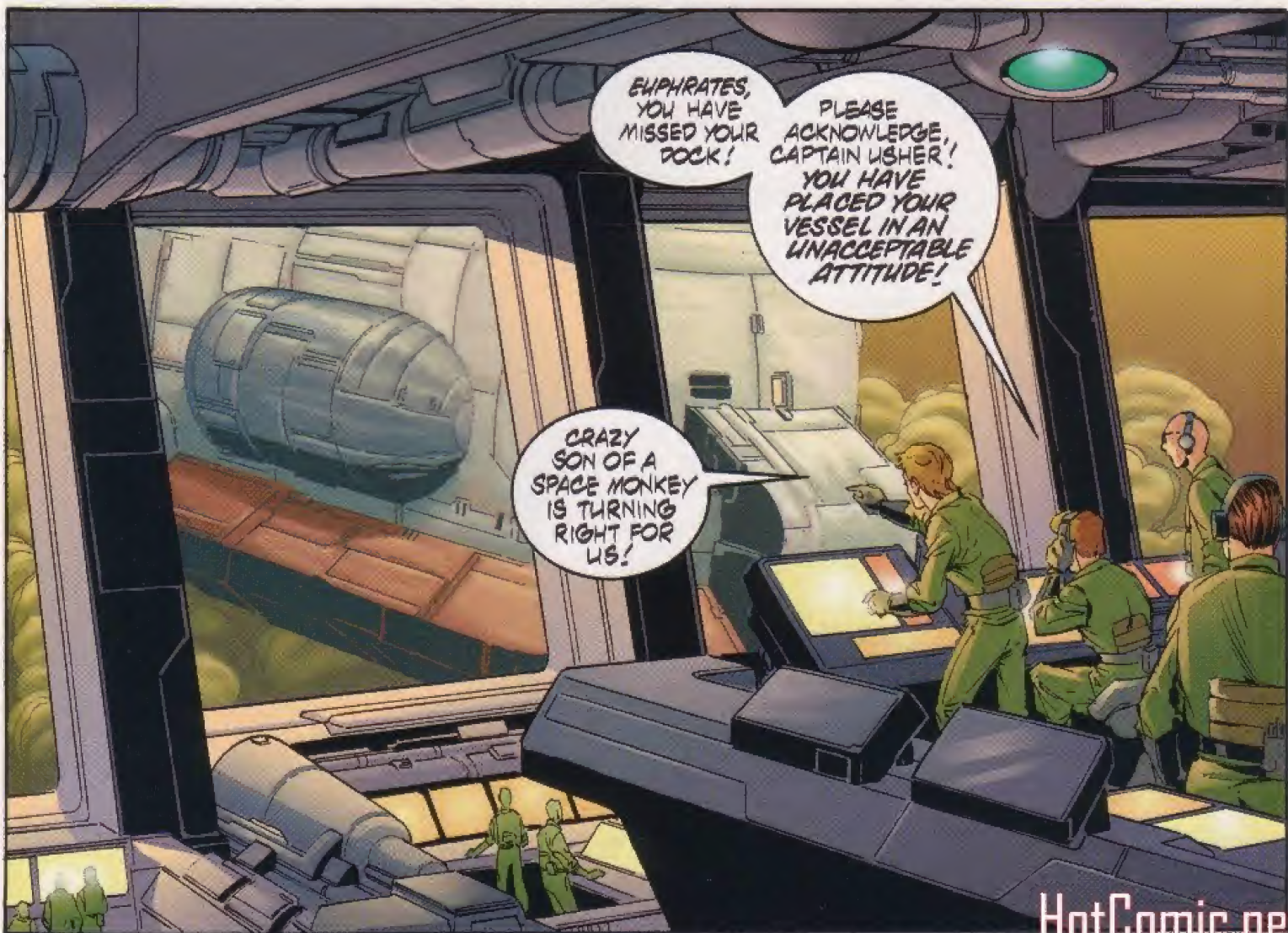
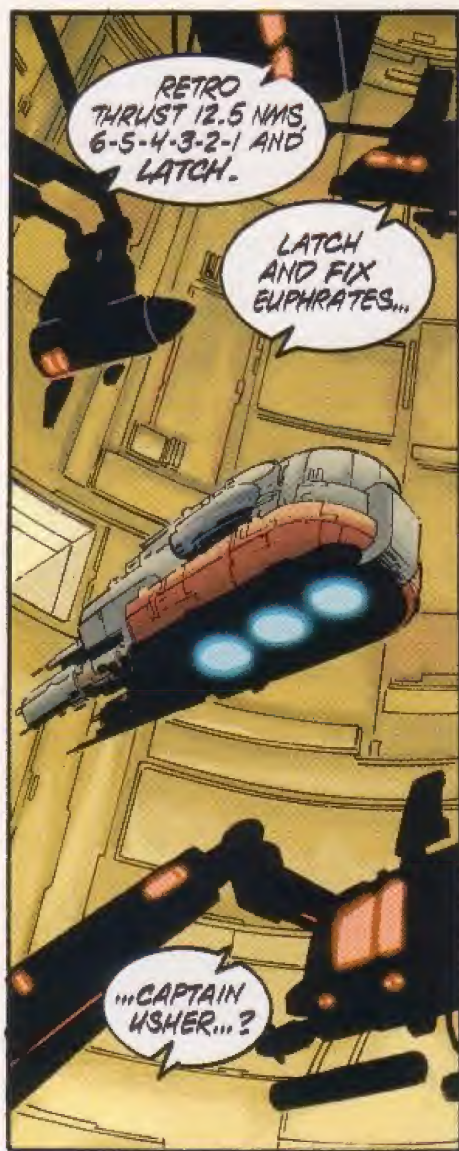
INITIATING
APPROACH AND
DOCKING
ATTITUDE,
FIX.



APPROACH
AND
DOCKING
ATTITUDE
CONFIRMED.

APPROACH
DELTA 07.003-
TANGO.

ROTATE
3.78° AND
FIX.





PLEASE
RESPOND OR
DEFENSE WILL
BE FORCED
TO...



FWOOOM




SHMOOM

EMERGENCY!
FULL
STATION
EMERGENCY!

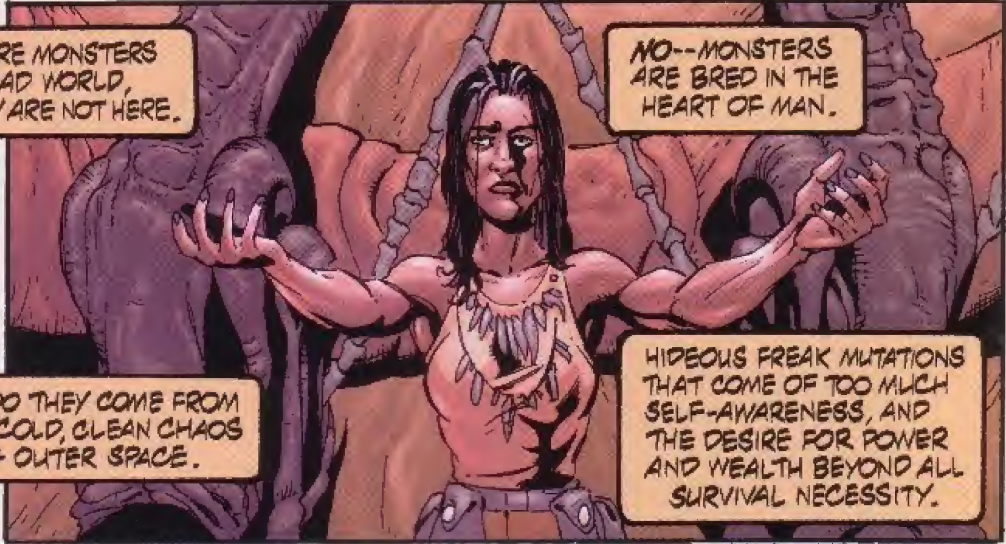
WELL
SECURITY
COMPROMISED--
WELL CONTROL
D-DESTROYED--
LIFE SUPPORT
SYSTEMS
RUPTURED...

REPEAT--
STATION LIFE
SU-SUPPORT
SYSTEMS ARE--
DOW...





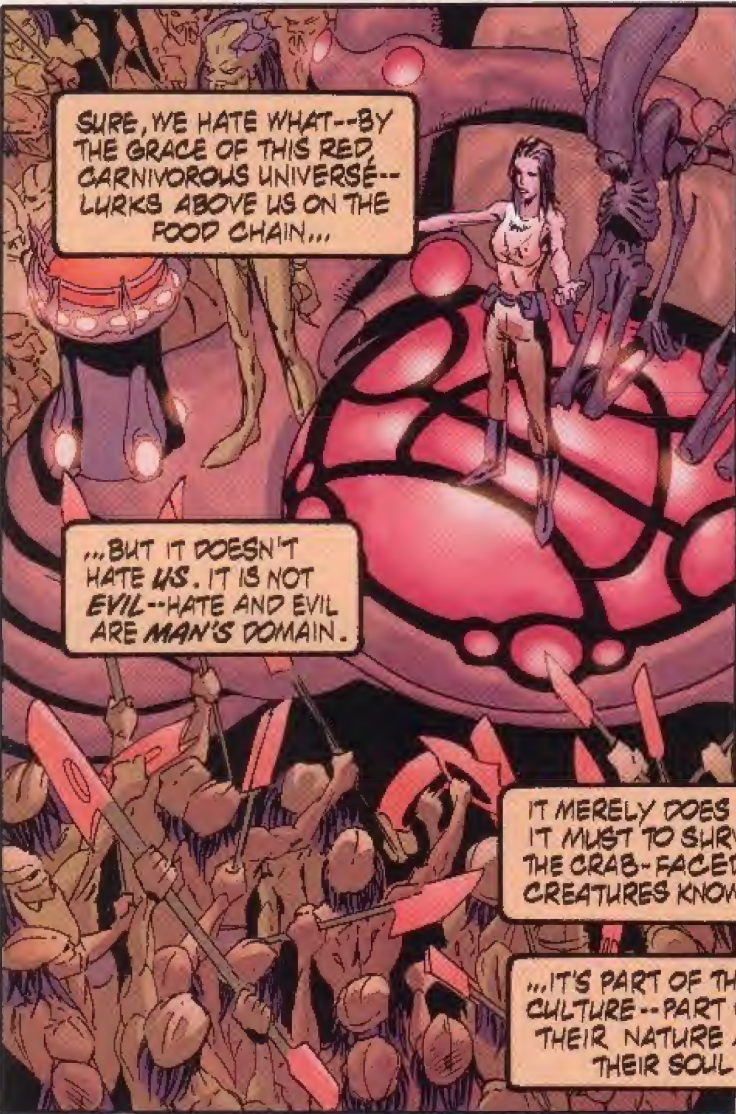
THERE ARE MONSTERS
IN THIS BAD WORLD,
BUT THEY ARE NOT HERE.



NO--MONSTERS
ARE BRED IN THE
HEART OF MAN.

NOR DO THEY COME FROM
THE COLD, CLEAN CHAOS
OF OUTER SPACE.

HIDEOUS FREAK MUTATIONS
THAT COME OF TOO MUCH
SELF-AWARENESS, AND
THE DESIRE FOR POWER
AND WEALTH BEYOND ALL
SURVIVAL NECESSITY.




SURE, WE HATE WHAT--BY
THE GRACE OF THIS RED
CARNIVOROUS UNIVERSE--
LURKS ABOVE US ON THE
FOOD CHAIN...

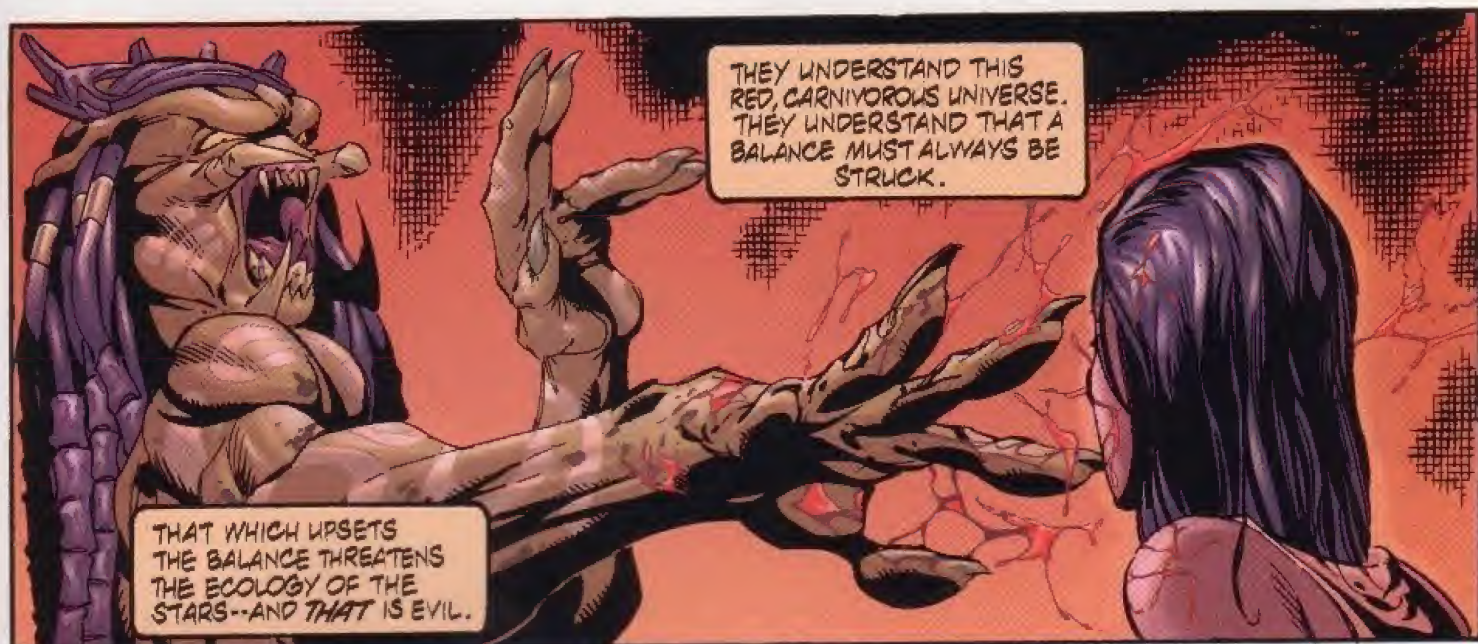
...BUT IT DOESN'T
HATE US. IT IS NOT
EVIL--HATE AND EVIL
ARE MAN'S DOMAIN.

IT MERELY DOES WHAT
IT MUST TO SURVIVE.
THE CRAB-FACED
CREATURES KNOW THAT...

...IT'S PART OF THEIR
CULTURE--PART OF
THEIR NATURE AND
THEIR SOUL.



THEIR PREY AND THEIR
GOD AND THEIR UNIVERSAL
VISION ARE ALL ONE.



THEY UNDERSTAND THIS
RED, CARNIVOROUS UNIVERSE.
THEY UNDERSTAND THAT A
BALANCE MUST ALWAYS BE
STRUCK.

THAT WHICH UPSETS
THE BALANCE THREATENS
THE ECOLOGY OF THE
STARS--AND THAT IS EVIL.



I KNOW THAT, AT ANOTHER
TIME, IN ANOTHER PLACE,
THEY WOULD JUST AS SOON
HANG MY SCALP FROM
THEIR BELTS...



...BUT HERE AND NOW A
TERRIBLE HYBRID IMBALANCE
HAS RISEN AND THREATENS
MORE THAN JUST THE
HUMAN RACE...

...AND THE STRANGE
BLOOD THAT FLOWS
THROUGH MY VEINS
HAS MADE US ALLIES.

THEY DIDN'T MUCH
CARE FOR MY
HUMAN SIDE...

...BUT, OH, DO THEY
RESPECT AND APPROVE
THE ALIEN IN ME!



SOON--SOON I
KNOW WE WILL
DO BATTLE
WITH THE GREAT
ABOMINATION
FROM EARTH'S
WRETCHED
PAST.

STATION IS SECURED.
ALL PERSONNEL ARE
TERMINATED OR
INCAPACITATED.

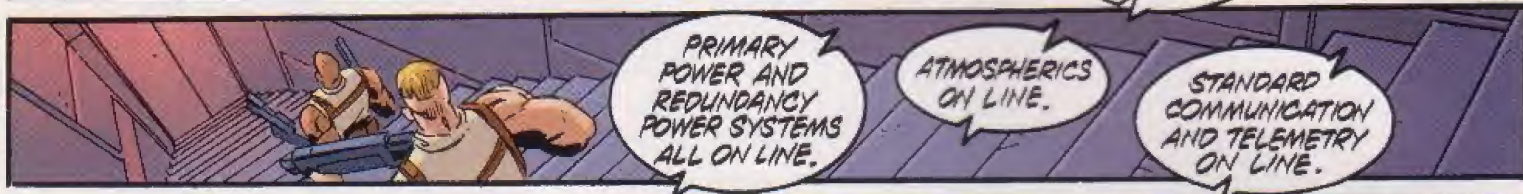
ACTIVATING
AUTO-POWER,
AUTO-CONTROL.

THE CRAB-FACES HAVE ELECTED
TO ALLOW ME THE HONOR OF
FLINGING MYSELF INTO BATTLE--
OF FINDING A LASTING DEATH
WITH A MEASURE OF MEANING,
OF JUSTIFICATION.



ALL
SYSTEMS
EMERGENCY
AUTO-CONTROL
BYPASS
PROCEDURE
INITIATED.

DEFENSE
MECHANISMS
A, B, C, D, AND E
ACTIVATED.



PRIMARY
POWER AND
REDUNDANCY
POWER SYSTEMS
ALL ON LINE.

ATMOSPHERICS
ON LINE.

STANDARD
COMMUNICATION
AND TELEMTRY
ON LINE.



SOON I WILL TAKE DOWN AS
MANY OF THE AGENTS OF
TRUE HUMAN EVIL AS I CAN--
IN DEFENSE OF THE NATURAL
ORDER OF THINGS...

...AND FOR MY KIN
CARRIED FAR, FAR
FROM THEIR HOMES.

LABORATORY
AND STORAGE
FACILITY POWER
ON LINE.

SOON--SOON I RIDE THE
WHIRLWIND TO GLORIOUS
ANNIHILATION.

UNTIL THEN, I AM
LEARNING TO LOVE
THE ALIEN.

Mel Rubi's concept sketch of the Predator designed exclusively for this series.



MEL RUBI

SKETCH GALLERY

One of Dwayne Turner's initial sketches for the cover of this issue.



DWAYNE TURNER